

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1896.

#### A HEALTHY MOVEMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many predictions to the contrary, there does not appear to be any falling off in the patriotic love of America and her institutions which animates our citizens in whatever part of the world their lot may be cast. This is said to be the result of the work of societies such as the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, who are sedulously engaged in cultivating a national pride in all things American. The very fact of one's desire for membership in these societies induces a certain amount of research into Colonial history to get the proof of his or her ancestor's service in behalf of our country, and this in itself is very likely to arouse interest in contemporary history. These societies are trying in an especial manner to foster the desire to study up United States history in more direct ways, and the Sons of the Revolution have just asked the High School pupils of the cities of Albany, Birmingham, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Elmira, Ithaca, Jamestown, Oswego, Poughkeepsie, Rochester, Syracuse, Troy, Utica and Newburg to submit essays on "The Causes and Results of Cornwallis's Surrender at Yorktown," in competition for medals of gold, silver and bronze. The competing essays are to contain not less than 1,775 nor more than 1,896 words, and they are to be signed with a nom de plume and mailed to the secretary of the society before January 1. Such a movement deserves to be encouraged if it were for no other purpose than to uproot the tendency to Anglomania which shows itself whenever there is an opportunity.

#### FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

SOMEBODY has said that "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and an illustration of its truth was recently afforded in the Methodist Church of Midvale, Hunterdon County, N. J. The church had been recently renovated, and among other improvements the pews had undergone a new coat of varnish, and when a couple of Sundays ago the church was reopened for public worship a very large congregation was in attendance. Now for the application of our truism.

The Sublime: The clergyman had prepared a special sermon, and, after congratulations by the Presiding Elder, he began his discourse. With deep religious fervor he expounded his text and was warming to his subject when he noticed an uneasy and restless feeling among his auditors, which somewhat embarrassed him. Soon a woman arose, her action being followed by a ripping noise. The disconcerted preacher descended from the pulpit and walked down the aisle to where the woman was standing, and saw at a glance the cause of the disturbance. The varnish on the seats had not dried and the heat caused the dress to stick to it.

The Ridiculous: When the existing state of things

became known the entire congregation arose with a general rending of garments as the result. The female members fared badly enough, while the men, the Presiding Elder included, were somewhat in the plight of the visitor to Miss McGruder, who sat down on the contents of her father's glue pot. Something, however, had to be done, and all that was available to make up for the loss of a vital portion of the male nether habillament was a liberal supply of old newspapers on the part of the pastor. How the getting home was effected is not recorded, but the tailor's services were, we learn, at a premium for the next few days at Midvale.

#### A UNIQUE GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

THE oldest of the Alpine guides, Christian Almer, well known to ambitious climbers in the region of Grindelwald, celebrated his golden wedding in a characteristic manner recently by an ascent of the Wetterhorn, twelve thousand one hundred and fifty feet above sea level. The sturdy old guide, seventy-four years of age, and his wife, one year older, accompanied by two sons and the village doctor, started at an early hour on Sunday morning and reached the Wetterhorn hut in the evening. Their arrival there was made known to the villagers by a signal light, which shone in response to many rockets fired below. Here the climbers passed the night. Starting soon after midnight they reached the summit at six o'clock on Monday morning. A cloudless sky and the magnificent panorama of the Oberland rewarded their courage. They returned safely to Grindelwald in the evening, where they were received with great rejoicing.

#### THREE YOUNG MASTERS.

THERE is much latent artistic genius among Brooklyn boys. Mr. Cecil Stuyvesant offered cash prizes for the three best drawings by the members of the Union Signal Corps, an amateur association of boys. Eddie Hubbell took first prize for his cartoon of a girl in a rage, his original methods of depicting an angry attitude, a feminine piece of headgear and the folds of a gown capturing the judges instantly.

Harold Belden came next, with an apple tree whose fruit grew only on the extreme top of the tree, and at the extreme ends of the branches. Eddie Pratt took third prize, although he drew a picture that was out of season—Santa Claus entering a house. But it was the cat that sat on the edge of the chimney stack down which the Christmas hero was descending that did the trick. It was such a cat as no one had ever seen before, and the judges found it irresistible.

#### ROOM FOR AN EASTERN KEARNEY.

THE horrible conditions under which the Italian immigrants to this country exist are notorious, yet fresh examples are brought to light daily. It is better to say that these wretched beings exist—for assuredly they do not live. And it does not mitigate the horror to reflect that their misery is self-imposed. In the case of their children, moreover, it is not self-imposed, for the latter are born to a slavery from which there is usually no escape.

Sometimes, however, the gods are just, as shown in the conviction of Francesco Russo. He admitted that he never worked, his income being derived from the sale of kindling-wood, which was picked up by his wife and twelve-year-old daughter in the New York streets, and manufactured and sold by them. The girl was seen vainly trying to raise a bundle of wood, seventy pounds in weight, to her head, where she had been carrying it before she stopped for a rest. Her father will be obliged to make himself useful for the next thirty days, at least, while in jail. The Chinese Exclusion Act might well be supplemented advantageously by an enactment prohibiting this class of Italians, or any other nationality, from entering the United States.

#### SOME CURIOSITIES OF MATRIMONY.

LOVE notoriously laughs at locksmiths—when they try to hinder his vagrom fancy. By way of evening things, his own especial locksmith, Hymen, has a way of making the world and his wife and children oftentimes laugh consummately.

Witness this handful of gleanings from the public prints within the scant space of half a week. Out in Indianapolis Miss Carrie West has bought herself a husband, the consideration, seven hundred and fifty dollars good and lawful money, going to Mrs. William T. Harris, with whose spouse Miss West had fallen violently in love. Mrs. Harris, of course, objected somewhat to that romantic performance. Evidently, though, she is a sensible woman, who preferred money in hand to a husband likely to take the bush. She has instituted suit for divorce, received her honorarium for such action, and when she is free of matrimonial bonds, cannot well do less than wish her ex-husband and his new partner long life, happiness and prosperity.

Next take the case of Miss Blanche De Wolfe and her Hungarian baron, who set all the high society of Providence, R. I., agog with their plan of a double ceremony—Catholic in the morning, Episcopal at night—thus conforming to the differing faiths of the pair. The wedding came off right enough, but with only a single

solemnization. The archbishop of the diocese forbade the priest to officiate, when it became known that the rector was to be called in later. Notwithstanding the young woman was duly made a baroness, it needs but half a glance forward to see that should trouble ever arise between the couple, under canon law the bridegroom will have no difficulty in proving himself a single man.

Not so the Hoboken couple, who had a double ceremony with but one celebrant, and he, good man, a justice of the peace. The groom knew only English, the bride German, so each swore to love, honor and cherish the other in both languages. The proceeding is said to have been due to scruples on the part of the bride against promising she knew not what; but it needs small acquaintance with human nature to understand that the groom must have recognized the advantage of thus estopping for all time a future plea of "I didn't know what I was about—if I had, I would never have married you."

Upon the top of these comes the story of half a man—that is, one with but a single leg to stand on—claimed by no less than three trusting brides. His name is Jones; his latest local habitation, Parkersburg, W. Va. His case certainly recalls the Scriptural prophecy of times wherein seven women shall lay hold on one man, only in this case the half-man's victims are not crying, "Take away our reproach from us." Contrariwise, the three are in the reproach business themselves. They have made common cause against the gay and one-legged deceiver, whom they have safely jailed. Each of them sympathizes with the others, and all pet the small Jones which calls one of them mother. They hang about the jail door together, talking over their woes and their vengeance. And they vary the monotony by having their pictures taken in a sort of "family group" which is calculated to make the ghost of the late Brigham Young grow green with envy. It is no wonder Mormon missionaries make converts galore in West Virginia, if any considerable part of its male citizens are, to quote the distinguished Mr. Howells, so "imperfectly monogamous" as the mutilated Mr. Jones. Altogether, the torch of Hymen illumines many a spectacle to the full as diverting as the lovers' perjuries at which Jove laughs.

#### SALVATION BY WATER.

IT is the newest fad of the new medicine. Wise men have been finding out that most of the virtue of medicinal waters, so-called, lay in the water itself rather than its odorous and often nauseous mineral constituents. So they have set themselves busily to devising new ways of using it. "Conceit," said the Autocrat, "is, to humanity, what salt is to the sea—it keeps it sweet." The wise doctors have taken the saying to heart, and now say they can keep humanity sweet in the same way as the sea is kept sweet.

In other phrase, they can cure diseases of many kinds by simply washing out the veins with pure water made strongly saline. A vein is opened, with proper antiseptic precautions, and from one to two quarts of salt water sent into the blood. This it cleanses and purges of humors, by stimulating the whole excretory system to new and healthy action. After the shock of operations also, the salt water is great service, as it rouses the heart, and sustains it without any of the injurious after-effect of stimulants. And in stomach disorders the saline wash has been found the sovereign's-thing on earth. For them it is not put into the circulation, but applied directly to the stomach itself through a soft rubber pipe, which serves also for its withdrawal when its mission is accomplished.

#### A SNAKE STORY.

IT is rather a story of snake charming, and worth telling, in that the snakes, instead of charming, were themselves charmed. Out in the fair farmlands about Port Jervis, N. Y., live the Wolcotts, farm folk so prosperous that lately they have made over their old house into a spick and span new one. By way of celebrating the event as it deserved, the daughters of the family resolved upon having a dance—and having it before the new paint was dry. Therefore the dancing was to be done in the barn. True, the building was somewhat ramshackle, its floor none of the smoothest, and full withal of knotholes as big as the finger. But it was duly emptied, swept and garnished, the orchestra set upon a wagon-bed platform, and things began going in such fashion that the time-honored merry as a marriage bell was simply outdone.

Perhaps the orchestra had something to do with what followed. It was composed, we are told, of two accordions and a fiddle. Now as the most of humanity will avouch, a single accordion, unaccompanied, is a mighty moving thing. It has been known to cause women to weep, men to swear, and small portables of many diverse sorts to rain from clear skies in the direction of its player. Maybe the Port Jervis snake is more delicately attuned than the average serpent. Maybe, also, the music happened to hit upon his "mass-chord," or chord of vibration. However that may be, the dance was not half over when right in the middle of a set of lancers one light fantastic toe went flip against something protruding from the floor. As the toe's owner was exceptionally nimble and light on foot, there was



not the fall that would have been inevitable in case of a clumsy person. But everybody looked amazed over such a performance; then closer than ever, to see what could possibly have occasioned it.

As a result of the close looking there were several screams, several other lively backsteps, and one or two fainting fits. Every knothole all at once seemed alive, and gave forth a snake's head, and so much of a snake's body as could crowd through the contracted space. Whether the music had put the reptiles in the mind to join the dance, or whether they had been roused to desperate vengeance on the disturbers of their peace, nobody stopped to inquire. The young women ran incontinently away to the house; the young men hunted up sticks, stones, rakes and hoes, and went upon an organized snake hunt. As a result they killed thirty odd reptiles, several of them above six feet long.

After this we can well believe that the rest of the merrymaking took place in the house, wet paint to the contrary notwithstanding, or upon the lawn about it—though even there one would fancy revelers would not feel over safe, in a locality so prolific of crawling things. But the evening ended without further mishap; at least the human chronicle so avouches. If the snakes' side could be told we should doubtless hear another story, and one as widely variant as the Cuban account of a so-called Spanish victory.

#### A GENUINE LUCK PIECE.

THERE is one New Haven man who is bound henceforth to believe in silver, no matter what may be his political faith, nor how rabid a gold bug he may previously have been. Not exactly as a money metal, perhaps, but as one to which he owes that which money can never buy. His name is Antonio Milano, and he might never have known the full virtue of silver but for the American habit of burning powder in all possible fashions about the Fourth of July. Near that date Mr. Milano sat at ease upon his front doorstep, never dreaming of danger. A lad passing along the other side of the street suddenly fired a pistol, whose bullet ranged in Milano's direction. It struck the pavement in front of him, glanced upward, and, to his excited imagination, tore its way deep into his vitals. Screaming that he was killed, he fell prostrate, and was at once borne within by those who happened to be present.

The surgeon called to his aid found an odd state of things. The bullet which had struck him had gone clear through a leather pocketbook, encountered there a silver quarter, and carried the quarter with it some little way beneath the skin, making a painful but by no means dangerous wound. The coin was so deeply indented, however, as to make it plain that but for striking it the bullet would have gone through Milano at a peculiarly dangerous point. So it is not strange he has determined to keep the battered bit of silver as a souvenir of his escape. If he had lived in the Middle Ages he could have done no less than to set up a silver statue, or at least a silver shrine, as a votive offering to his patron saint, Anthony.

The pistol, too, owes much to the modest coin. He should doff his cap to each one of it he may see in the next twelve months, and be mighty careful how he spends his powder when he goes a-celebrating Independence Day. Though people who are born to be hanged are certain not to be drowned, no such prediction hovers over those in danger of explosive death. Next time he has a mind to go gunning for ghostly Britishers let him fire in the air, where all properly regulated ghosts have their habitat. For he can by no means be certain in this sublimity world that another bullet would lodge itself against a true luck piece. All which Mr. Milano will no doubt fully indorse, when again he is able to sit upon his front steps, smoking the pipe of peaceful rumination.

#### MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

AT the present season the exercise of a little common sense on the part of the public in relation to the dog question is advisable. The mad dog scare is apt to disturb the peace of the community upon the slightest provocation—too often without any just reason at all. A dog, perfectly sane, and probably the most harmless specimen of its race that ever breathed, is interfered with by some mischievous boy, who throws a stone at it. It runs off, perhaps barking or yowling in terror, and several other boys start in pursuit. The next thing is that the cry of "mad dog" is raised, the whole town aroused, and the wretched animal finally driven out of its senses.

An instance of this has occurred at Nutley, N. J., but the dog escaped from its pursuers. During the evening, when the owner of the house went into the garden of which this particular victim of a foolish scare had disappeared, and drew up a bucket of water from the well, he found the dog in the bucket. Whether the animal had purposely committed suicide, or had merely sought the well as a place of refuge, none could tell. Neither was there the least evidence to show that it had been mad.

#### THE RISE AND FALL OF BENN.

IN the village of Hicksville, N. Y., an expatriated Irishman named John Benn, who labored for many years for seven dollars a week, has received a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars. While his wife declines

to make any change in her former style of living—at least to any degree that could be construed as ostentatious—Mr. Benn has already forsaken his humble but healthy and enjoyable "dhudeen" clay pipe for the demoralizing and unsatisfying cigarette. If the local small boys who have fallen victims to the cigarette could now be induced to take warning, and to forsake their cigarettes for pipes, the beneficent result would do much to console society for the fall of Benn, following so closely upon his rise.

#### AN ALIEN JUDGE.

IT is unconstitutional in Illinois to float the Stars and Stripes over the public schoolhouses during school hours, a custom established by a recent State law. Governor Altgeld, the University of Illinois and the school trustees had directed that the law be disregarded. The Grand Jury indicted them, but Judge Wright of the Circuit Court finds their opposition to be justified under the Constitution. Now some unsophisticated Illinoisians whisper it around that the judge is a Jerseyman.

#### THE SUGAR IN THE HEINE FOUNTAIN.

NEARLY every one is conversant with the efforts which were made for several months to have the Heine fountain forced on this city, and many were the comments made on the persistency of its advocates. A key to the motive is probably supplied in a suggestive present made to Alderman Windolph, the champion of the abortive work of art. It is a model of the fountain in sugar, presented as a birthday gift. Many people had an idea that there was "sugar" at the bottom of the movement.

#### NIL ADMIRARI.

"CUBAN Duel for Love" is a curious way of putting it, duels generally being for hate. Still stranger to find, upon reading on, that "the two wealthy Cubans" who fought the duel in New York were natives of San Domingo. However, in these times, when Cuban nationality is so conveniently elastic as to permit of people claiming and denying it at will, just according as momentary motives of policy dictate, we must be prepared for anything.

#### ROOM FOR REFORM.

THE practice of preaching—or, more correctly, reading—sermons from manuscript, so general among clergymen in the United States, is hardly an admirable one, and was the cause of leading a colored pastor into an awkward position at an African Methodist Episcopal Church Conference in Connecticut. When the bishop called upon the Rev. Mr. Yeamens for a sermon, the pastor was unable to comply, as he had left his MS. in the pocket of a coat at home. In the old country extempore preaching is almost universal, and, with the Catholic clergy, the invariable rule. A sermon loses more than half its effect when read from a manuscript.

#### NOTHING NEW IN THIS.

A SUNDAY newspaper gives an interesting account of "a wooden man who walks." That is, the story would be interesting if there were not already an over-supply of similar phenomena. The great trouble with all the wooden men is that they insist upon walking. If only a few of them could be prevailed upon to lie down and keep out of other people's way!



#### EUROPE WOULD BE PLEASED.

"EX-SECRETARY WHITNEY," says the San Francisco News Letter, "takes a highly favorable view of the prospects for an international bimetallic agreement, under which the commercial nations of Europe could unite with this country in the remonetization of silver. But he points out that the free coinage of silver, by the United States alone, would have the effect of preventing such an agreement, because the foreign Powers would be relieved to see us bearing the whole burden, which now rests partly upon them."

#### A PERENNIAL NUISANCE.

In a recent issue of the London Graphic the "By-stander" has a few words to say on an ever-present nuisance—the gigantic hat. From his remarks we judge it is by no means peculiar to our generation, but a thing of regular recurrence, as unfailing as the seasons.

"The gigantic hat nuisance," he says, "is by no means a novelty. It is an epidemic that visits us periodically like other epidemics, and you will find that in time it will wear itself out. The last visitation we had was somewhat about 1858, when it took the form of the enormous brown straw hats which were mostly worn at the seaside and which were depicted in the pages of Punch by John Leech, in addition to the vast crinolines,

the white hose, the long pantalettes, the black kid boots, and other eccentricities that the British maiden assumed at that period. The hat in those days ran to width rather than height, but it was distinctly a headdress for the country, and I am inclined to think it never, in those days, supplanted the bonnet in town, and was rarely to be seen except on small children at church, morning concerts, or flower shows. More than twenty years previous to this there was a rage for enormous hats, but their enormity ran to brim rather than crown. There is a caricature still extant, dated 1827, which is entitled 'Shady Retreats of Summer, or Tip of the Ton.' In this the ladies are represented with hats so wide that they keep the men at a distance, unless they creep beneath the brim. One maiden looks archly at her attendant swain and sings: 'Will you come to the bower I've shaded for you?'

#### PLAYING TO THE GALLERY.

The presentation of a laurel wreath by the Emperor of Germany to the British regiment of which he is honorary colonel on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, an illustration of which we present on another page, seems to have caused a deal of amusement in the sanctum of London Truth. Mr. Labouchere has never been distinguished for his respect for the pomp and nonsense of royalty, and these little bits of theatricalism have inspired in him nothing but cynic mirth. He says of this incident:

"To err is human. In the eyes of those who do not believe royalty to be exempt from the ordinary conditions of humanity, the appointments of foreign sovereigns to the posts of colonels of English regiments might seem a mistake in various ways. Last week the German Emperor dispatched Baron Eckardstein to Ireland bearing with him a laurel wreath to be hung on the standard of the 'Royals' in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo. The somewhat theatrical performance of presenting the wreath, so little in accordance with British taste, took place at the Curragh, where the Royal Dragoons, under command of their new colonel, Colonel McLaren, are stationed. After the ceremonial Baron Eckardstein was entertained at lunch by Colonel McLaren and the officers of the regiment, General Coombe, the staff officials and a large party being invited to meet him."

#### WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

Last week we directed attention to the revolutionary methods of the London Spectator in its treatment of comparatives and superlatives, and that journal's evident desire to disregard accepted rules as expounded by such acknowledged authorities as Messrs. Lindley Murray, Gould Brown, et al. A subsequent issue of the same paper brings another indication of the presence of the spirit of revolt. In a review of Sir Walter Besant's novel, "The Master Craftsman," a certain character is described as "much the most natural character of the two."

#### LORD LILFORD'S DEATH.

Nature pays the following tribute to the memory of Lord Lilford, the famous ornithologist, who recently died in England:

"A devoted student of natural history, whose name is known to most zoologists, and whose observations have greatly enriched ornithology, has just passed away in the person of Lord Lilford. Numerous notes by him on British birds, and on the ornithology of Spain and of the shores of the Mediterranean, have appeared in the Zoologist and the Ibis, the journal of the British Ornithologists' Union, of which he was president. Last year he published an excellent volume on the birds of his native county, Northamptonshire, with beautiful illustrations, and the thirty-second part of his 'Colored Figures of the Birds of the British Islands,' which was issued only in April last, almost completes that work. Lord Lilford will be remembered and regretted by naturalists all over the world."

#### NEW BLOOD.

The most remarkable feature of politics this year," says the New York Journal, "is the large number of new or hitherto obscure men that have been brought to the front. The old war horses of both parties are made useful in reporting the doings of the newer or younger men. So numerous have the new Napoleons become that it is hard to keep track of those of them that are not fortunate enough to have a Hanna of their own who understands the value of a bureau of publicity."

#### THE JEWEL, CONSISTENCY.

The beauty of consistency as exemplified by our neighbors over the water is clearly evidenced by the following paragraph from the New York Tribune:

"The well-informed and judicious St. James's Gazette says that while other Republicans in 1850 and 1892 'trimmed on the question of protection,' Mr. McKinley 'never swerved one iota.' He 'steadily pursued his course.' And yet 'he is not a man of strong convictions'; 'he is deficient in strength of purpose'; and if elected he 'will be as putty' in the hands of his friends. Truly, men and brethren, consistency is a virtue of small minds!"

## WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

One of the most terrible of modern disasters at sea has now been added to the list of painful events by which the present year has been signalized. Shortly before midnight on Tuesday, June 16, the Castle Line steamer "Drummond Castle," homeward bound to London from Delagoa Bay, Natal, and Capetown, struck on a rock off Ushant and sank in about three minutes with all her passengers and crew save three persons. The whole disaster happened so quickly that but little account can be given of its circumstances, but the details supplied by the survivors, Quartermaster Charles Wood, J. Godbolt, seaman, and a Mr. Marquardt, passenger, are as follows:

The "Drummond Castle," one of the Castle Line intermediate steamers, sailed from Capetown on May 28, bearing officers and crew numbering 104 all told, and 143 passengers. The vessel arrived at Las Palmas on June 12, after a good voyage, and left again before nightfall of the same day. There was a fine rain on the evening of the fatal day, and as the night advanced a heavy mist prevailed. The water was smooth, however, and full speed was maintained. About eleven o'clock, when most of the passengers were still up, the vessel suddenly struck violently upon a rock with such dire effect that she immediately began to settle down, bows foremost. The commander, Captain Pierce, who, with all his crew, seems to have behaved with admirable self-possession and courage, at once realized that there was no possibility of righting the vessel, and ordered the boats to be launched. A scene of heartrending horror followed. The devouring sea poured in so fast that the boats were swamped before they could be got out, and amid agonized cries, men, women and children were engulfed in the wreck. Some jumped into the sea in order to get clear of the sinking vessel, but even of

picked up by some fishermen the next morning and landed on the island of Molene. Mr. Marquardt, the only other survivor, was rescued by another fishing boat.

The little island of Molene is the nearest point of land to the rocks upon which the unfortunate ship was wrecked, and upon its rocky coast, some two hundred yards wide, many of the dead bodies of the sea's victims have been washed up. The men of the island were out at sea, fishing, when the first bodies were discovered, and the work of carrying them ashore was done by the women of the island with the aid of their priest, the Abbe Le Jeune. The corpses were reverently laid out in one of the houses of the village, the islanders placing crucifixes near them, and on the following day the Abbe held a solemn funeral service, and the dead were buried in a number of graves, without coffins, owing to the scarcity of wood on the island, but with all the care and reverence that the simple fisher population could show.

The island of Ushant lies to the northwest of Molene,



BARON ECKHARDSTEIN SALUTING AFTER PRESENTING THE LAUREL WREATH TO COLONEL M'LAUREN OF THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

known as a dangerous one. It is, therefore, impossible to think that Captain Pierce could deliberately have taken such a course, more especially since he was one of the most tried and trusted officers of the Castle Line Company, in whose service he had been for many years.



THE ONE THOUSANDTH ANNIVERSARY OF BUDA PESTH.—THE PROCESSION PASSING BEFORE THE EMPEROR JOSEPH.

these only the three already mentioned escaped alive. Quartermaster Wood was in the act of loosing the cutter when she was dragged down by the sinking ship, and he only jumped clear of her just in time. On some floating debris he found the sailor Godbolt, and together they kept afloat on their raft of refuge until they were

and bodies have been washed ashore both there and at other spots. Ushant has long been known among seamen as a dangerous point to be approached with due caution, owing to its surrounding rocks and the strong currents which play in its immediate neighborhood. Vessels approaching, therefore, keep carefully to the west of the Ushant Light.

With this precaution, Ushant is constantly weathered by ships of all kinds, as one of the horns of the Bay of Biscay. Vessels bound for British ports approach the point that their passage may be signaled, and it seems probable that as the "Drummond Castle" held on her way with this object in view she was carried out of her proper course by the combined effects of mist and current. The survivors attest the fact that no lights had been sighted when the vessel struck the reef, known as one of the Pierres Vertes. This group of rocks lies at the southern entrance of the Fromveur Sound, which separates Ushant from the neighboring islands. The reef is southeast of the southern point of Ushant, and has long been well

## MR. KEYES LAUGHED AT LOCKSMITHS.

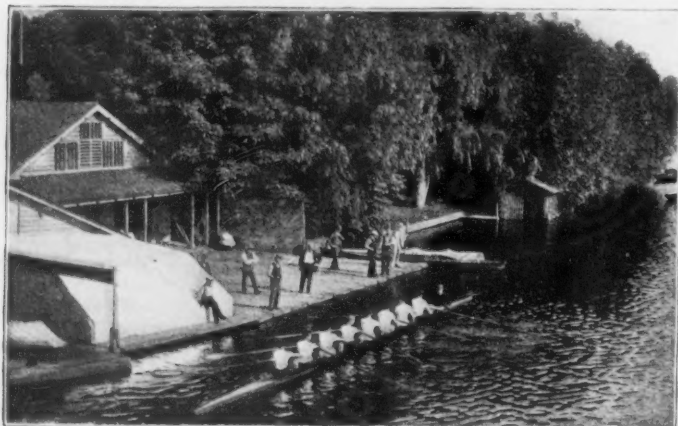
Mr. John Thomas Keyes of Staten Island, New York, has escaped from the woodshed into which his irate sons had locked him in order to keep him apart from the young wife he had recently married. You see, he is rich, and also advanced in years, and the sons highly disapproved of his second marriage. They could have understood old Mr. Keyes having wards, but not wives.

## LITERARY MEN IN JOURNALISM.

"Many distinguished litterateurs, lawyers and statesmen are going into journalism," says the New York Press, "but somehow or other they do not seem to make the show that we expect. Ingalls writes only about one-quarter as vigorously as he speaks. Lew Wallace was far more interesting at Antioch than at St. Louis. General Bradley T. Johnson left a good law practice in Baltimore to go to Cuba as a newspaper correspondent at five hundred dollars a week and expenses. Henry George amused and instructed us with his 'Progress and Poverty,' but his news articles contain little meat. Julian Hawthorne thinks too much of Julian in his newspaper work."

## ICE CREAM MADE BY A NEW PROCESS.

I have an ice cream freezer that will freeze cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made, and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from \$5 to \$8 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. W. H. Baird & Co., 140 S. Highland Ave., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application and will employ good salesmen on salary.



THE YALE CREW AT HENLEY.





FUNERAL PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE CHURCH AT USANT



IDENTIFYING CLOTHING ETC AT THE ILE DE MOLENE



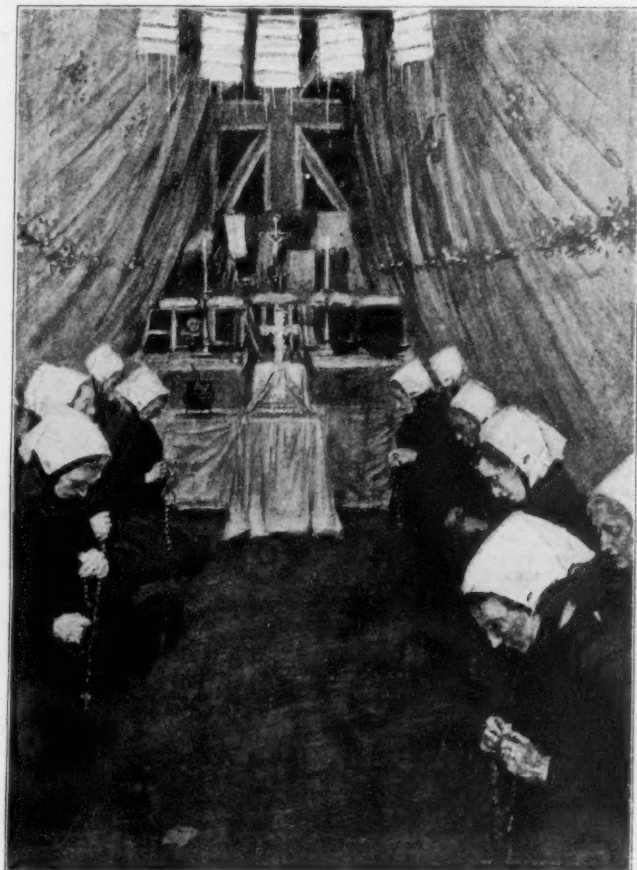
RESCUING SURVIVORS



THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE"



VIEW OF THE LOCALITY OF THE DISASTER



THE VIGIL IN THE LIFEBOAT HOUSE ON USHANT ISLAND



THE SINKING OF THE DRUMMOND CASTLE

THE WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

# AN EMPTY MEMORIAL OF WAR

BY WALTER HOWARD,  
City Editor of the Atlanta Journal.

ON the summit of a gentle, shaded eminence three miles from the center of Atlanta stands a large, unoccupied structure, erected as a home for Georgia's Confederate veterans. It rears its height in an atmosphere of imposing loneliness, a guardian of the scarred battlefields that lie close around its base. Above the treetops a tall cupola marks the site for those approaching miles away. From this vantage-point, the smoking chimneys of Atlanta are silhouetted against the northern sky; to the west, Kennesaw Mountain is outlined in misty blue; near at hand, almost at the foot of the knoll on which it stands, the cannon in Fort Walker frown on one hand, while on the other a simple gun, standing upright, marks the spot where fell the gallant John McPherson.

Over four years ago this home was completed, but not from the time when the last stroke of the carpenter's hammer and the final touch of the painter's brush proclaimed it finished, not from that day until this, has it ever sheltered an occupant or known the meaning of an owner's care.

The erection of this Confederate soldiers' home was one of the last movements to which Henry W. Grady devoted his brilliant efforts and persuasive eloquence. Early in 1890, when a certain Major Stewart had gone North soliciting subscriptions to a soldier's home in the State of Texas, Grady thrilled all Georgia one Sunday morning with a single editorial bearing this caption, "Come Home, Major Stewart." It was an irresistible, matchless appeal to the people of Georgia to build a home for the homeless Confederate veterans of their State. It was a touching, soul-stirring bit of sentimentalism that awakened an immediate and enthusiastic response. Subscriptions, big and little, poured in, not only from all parts of Georgia, but from other States as well, and the fifty thousand dollars needed was very soon raised. Grady was made president of the Board of Trustees, the site was selected, and work begun.

Just before the completion of the home in 1890, Henry Grady died. It was the passing of the father of the child. Others cared for it as best they could, but the striking down of an arm that nursed it into life removed the inspiration that made its growth possible. The money had been raised, the home was completed. Then it met its death-blow.

In the latter part of 1892 it was turned over to the Board of Trustees by the builders, and the Legislature which met that year was asked to accept and conduct it for the maintenance of aged, indigent veterans of the late war. After a bitter fight, stubbornly contested on both sides, the home was rejected by the General Assembly. It was a fight of the country districts against the city of Atlanta, and, aided by the jealousy of other Georgia cities, this prejudice overthrew the home and left its doors closed. The fight was again brought up before the General Assembly of 1893, and the result was again disastrous to the home. So the building and the twenty acres of land upon which it stands were left upon the hands of the trustees without an idea as to what disposition to make of either. The subscribers to the fund were all regarded as stockholders in the property, and a plan to sell it and divide the money among them was finally agreed upon. Objection to the sale was made by a person who claimed to be the donor of part of the land on which the home stands, and the question was taken to the courts. The

to paint the glorious struggles which won them; but around Atlanta, which, next to Richmond, was the most prized of all the South's citadels, the one place in defense of which strategic Joe Johnson fought with all the tact of his great generalship, and to save which the impulsive Hood hurled himself with annihilating fury upon the oncoming hordes from the North; Atlanta, which Sherman looked upon from the heights of Look-out Mountain and Kennesaw with covetous eyes, and toward which the brilliant Thomas marched with unchecked energy, and a daring that challenged the admiration of the combined armies; Atlanta, the gateway, which once forced open made the march to the sea easy to accomplish, and the control of the Cotton States a solved problem—this keystone of the South's arch of



H. H. CABANISS,  
Manager of the Atlanta Journal.

historical annals has never been set in place by the hands of those who seek to preserve the record of her valor in war and her greater accomplishments in times of peace.

The city, which then bore the brunt of war's fury, which was left, after the cyclone of carnage had passed, but a heap of blackened ruins and ashes, stands to-day the recognized exponent of the progressive, reawakened section of America called the "South."

Within sight of her tall buildings and great cotton factories, within the limits of her municipal boundaries, the uncertain outlines of battlements and breastworks are still to be defined. The blood of battle has enriched the red clay, and violets and wild flowers bedeck the hallowed mounds when each recurring springtime comes to blur them more in reality as well as in the pale of memory. The places where the Blue and the Gray battled so fiercely on the memorable 21st and 22d of July are covered by railroad tracks, cotton mills, factories and homes. Here and there is an open lot which contains the remains of the old lines of breastworks, where minnie balls and bullets can be picked up, with now and then an old bayonet or scabbard shield—small mementoes of a dreadful past. These battles were fought on the eastern side of the city. The grounds on which they were waged is now occupied by three beautiful suburban sites—Inman Park, Copenhill and Edgewood. Just before these are reached, Oakland Cemetery and a large factory district are passed through. Further to the south is to be found Grant Park—named for a wealthy Atlantan who donated it to the city, not for General Ulysses Grant. Grant Park was itself the scene of carnage. One of its principal points of interest is Fort Walker, which has been completely restored, mounted with cannon, and marked in its center by a bronze lion resting on a marble pedestal. To the east of Grant Park is the monument which marks the spot where the gallant Federal, General McPherson, fell. These two meager monuments, that in Fort Walker and that where General McPherson died, are the only two memorials of war anywhere near Atlanta.

Within the past year the Fulton County Confederate Veterans Association took the first steps—and very modest ones they were—to mark the spots of historic interest around the city. The association appointed a special committee to locate such points as deserved recognition in this manner, and empowered the committee to have painted and posted inexpensive wooden signs indicating the points fixed upon. This the committee did, and among the places thus marked, seventy-five in all, the most interesting are:

Where Major-General John McPherson fell on July 22.

Point where Major Calhoun made formal surrender of the city on September 2, 1864, to General H. W. Slocum, commanding the Twentieth Army Corps.

Location of the headquarters of General Joseph E. Johnston July 17 and 18, where command was turned over to General John B. Hood.

Headquarters of General A. P. Stewart, July 18 and 20.

Point where General Stevens of Walker's division, Hardee's corps, fell in charge of July 20.

Point where Major Preston of South Carolina, commanding battalion of artillery, was killed in battle, July 20.

Site of the headquarters of General W. T. Sherman after the evacuation of Atlanta.

Site of the headquarters of General Hardee during the movements around Atlanta.

Site of the headquarters of General John B. Hood during the movements around Atlanta.

Battle line of July 22—Confederate—Stovall and Walthall's brigades.

Battle line of July 22—Federal.

Inner line of fortifications around the city occupied by the Confederates.

Federal battery near Copenhill.

Federal battery near Ponce de Leon.

Federal battery on Exposition grounds.

Collier's Mill; battleground of July 20. Troops engaged—Federal: Newton's division of Howard's corps, Ward's, Geary's and Williams's division of Hooker's corps, and Johnson's division of Palmer's corps. Confederate: Loring's, Franch's and Walthall's divisions of Stewart's corps, and Maney's, Walker's and Bate's divisions of Hardee's corps.

Location of Captain E. P. Howell's battery, July 20.

Location of pontoon bridge built by General John W. Geary, commanding Second Division of Twentieth Corps.

Leggitt's Hill, occupied by General M. D. Leggitt, commanding Third Division of Seventeenth Corps, July 22, and upon which the attack was made by Generals Cleburn and Maney of Hardee's corps.

Howard House, General Sherman's headquarters July 22.

Location of DeGress's battery, captured by the Forty-second Georgia Regiment of General M. A. Stovall's brigade, July 22; recaptured by General M. L. Smith's division, commanded by Brigadier-General Lighthouse, supported by Wood's division of Logan's corps.

Point where General H. T. Walker fell in charge of July 22.

Corner Ellis and Ivy Streets, point where first shell fell, killing a child, July 20.

Lamp-post, corner Alabama and Whitehall Streets, struck by a cannon ball, wounding a negro barber named Solomon Luckie, from the effect of which he died.

Fort Walker, named in honor of General W. H. T. Walker, killed July 2.

Site of Ezra Church.

General S. D. Lee's headquarters near Toland's store, County Almshouse, where Dr. Wilson now lives, near entrance to West View Cemetery.

Fortieth Georgia Regiment on right, Captain Dobbs commanding; Forty-first Georgia Regiment; Fifty-second Georgia Regiment, Captain Asbury; Forty-third Georgia Regiment; First Georgia State troops, Colonel Brown, Colonel Albert Howell; Forty-second Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel L. P. Thomas.

Old rolling mill used for the manufacture of iron for the Confederate Government.

Dunning's factory, or the Atlanta Machine Works, Confederate foundry for making shell, solid shot, etc.

General Slocum's headquarters on Peachtree Street, where the Governor's mansion is now located.

General Schofield's headquarters, Angier House, Capitol Square.

General Thomas's headquarters at Leyden House.

The eastern suburbs of Atlanta are susceptible of development as a great national military park, and the



WALTER HOWARD,  
City Editor of the Atlanta Journal.

decision was in favor of the sale under the direction of the Board of Trustees, but the case was appealed and a bill in equity is now pending before the Superior Court of Fulton County, which will settle the matter. In the meantime, the home stands an empty monument to the sudden impulse of a sentimental people.

It is only within recent years that any steps have been taken to preserve to history the innumerable spots in and around Atlanta, made historic by the fierce battles of which she was the storm center during the Civil War.

Government and State appropriations, special commissions and private pilgrimages have been lavished upon Gettysburg and Chickamauga, both sides in those fierce conflicts have lent memory and monuments to emphasize the importance of those battlegrounds, and



HOKE SMITH (SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,  
President of the Atlanta Journal.

hope is entertained that the many historic spots which are included in that territory may some day be fittingly marked.

Walter Howard, the city editor of the Atlanta Journal, has been identified with that paper for the past nine years, having served it in numerous capacities. He was made city editor in August, 1894, at the age of twenty-four. His experience has been gained in New York, Washington, Chicago and New Orleans, as well as in Atlanta.

The Atlanta Journal has long since become recognized as one of the representative papers of the South. Its president and principal owner, Hon. Hoke Smith, is the present Secretary of the Interior. The Journal's strong advocacy of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for



the Presidency did much to influence the action of Southern States, and placed Mr. Smith in the Cabinet. The paper is under the direct management of Mr. H. H. Cabaniss, who has been associated with Mr. Smith in the ownership of it since the *Journal* Publishing Company was first formed, over ten years ago. Mr. Cabaniss was vice-president of the recent Cotton States and International Exposition held in Atlanta, and is a man of wide prominence in the South. The *Journal* is recognized as the leading exponent of sound money in the Southern States, and has, for the past several years, been the great rival of the *Atlanta Constitution*, which is extreme in its advocacy of free silver. The *Journal's* circulation, 24,500 daily, is the largest of any Southern paper, outside of New Orleans. Secretary Hoke Smith, president of the *Journal*, was recently elected vice-president of the Associated Press.

## ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S banquet at the Holborn Restaurant to the members of the congress of the Chambers of Commerce was a memorable feast. The Venetian chamber of this famous restaurant is the trysting-place where that distinguished and learned body known as "The Incorporated Society of Authors" meet and make merry once a year, at their annual dinner. The Poet Laureate, the late Lord Tennyson, was the president of the society until his death. Now the mantle, if I mistake not, has fallen on the broad shoulders of Sir Edwin Arnold.

An author, if a "female woman," and, like Mrs. Gummidge, a poor lone lorn critter, has, through a by-law made and provided for such auspicious occasions, power to bring with her another male or female to share the banquet.

Whatever the reason of this is one can only guess, except it be with the good-natured intention of making the unscribbling, rank outsider green with envy for the rest of his natural life—"we," the authors, being on Parnassus, while he can only gaze upward till his soul shall leave him through his eyes.

"Our Joe," as Birmingham delights to call him, did the banquet in splendid style, as he does everything. His wonderful career serves as an object lesson for many.

Attendez vous. You will agree with me that inventors, like poets and others suffering from the insanity of genius, are often in dire distress.

"Of threadbare coat, and, what is worse,  
An ever, ever empty purse!"

It came to pass some years since a poor devil of an inventor discovered a new screw; he patented the idea, and then sunk into oblivion, accentuated by starvation. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., came across the inventor, bought out his interest in the idea, and straightway, with his touch, Midas-like, it turned to gold. This screw represents to-day an income of one hundred thousand pounds a year for "our Joe." He has also a love for orchids, and has the finest collection in England, from whence his title of "Orchid Joe." But this screw is not his only good fortune. He was determined not to "get left" in the race for American heiresses, and carried off a prize in one of our girls, who now rules his head and heart, and incidentally the part he plays in the present Cabinet.

You remember "Good" Queen Bess was rather partial to an oath occasionally. History tells us "she swore at Essex, and boxed his ears," when he turned and told her he wouldn't stand such treatment from her father. No doubt bluff King Hal's mode of expression was more forcible than select. Some old customs die hard, and swearing among dames of high degree is not nearly so obsolete as it ought to be. The Latin proverb which forbids us to say anything but good of the dead is an admonition we must heed, so we will not repeat the many hair-raising of the late "Bob," Duchess of Montrose. But there is yet another occasion on which an oath bids fair to become historical. It was uttered some thirty odd years ago, when the present Duchess of Teck, familiarly known as "fat Mary," gave birth to her only daughter, at Kensington Palace. She swore the little princess would be Queen of England. She is now Duchess of York.

The "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated in London in a truly royal manner. Ambassador Bayard, who, like the famous chevalier, his namesake, is in British eyes sans peur et sans reproche, entertained a select company at the Criterion, which is, as you know, to London what Delmonico's is to New York. The visit of the Honorable Artillery Company of Boston is looked forward to with much anticipation. Truth to tell, the United States is the only Power England really fears. For, when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war; and the celebration of Independence Day, and what it means, is daily borne in on the mind of the British public. Strenuous efforts are to be made for the preservation and cultivation of peace among the British race all the world over.

In the afternoon the official residence of Ambassador Bayard, in Eton Square, was crowded for the reception which took place, the best attended of any social function this season. Lady Cook gave a garden party at Richmond, and Mrs. Biddulph Martin followed suit at Hyde Park Gate. These fair daughters of America know how to entertain. In Paris, too, Count and Countess Castellane gave a grand entertainment, as also several of the lesser magnates of the grand Republic.

At the Galeries des Champs Elysees the American Chamber of Commerce received and banqueted five hundred guests, including General Wayne MacVeagh and the members of the Legation. There was the usual patriotic speechmaking, and an element tout-a-fait Parisienne was introduced by the singing, between the speeches of many of the leading members, ladies and gentlemen, of Colonel Mapleson's Opera Company. At the banquet the band of the Garde Republicaine discoursed sweet music, and the red, white and blue, mingled with our stars and stripes, floated in the breeze, from every coign of vantage, throughout the day.



"AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS."—A SCENE ON A DUTCH CANAL.

The appointment of Mr. Maurice Grau of New York as manager at Covent Garden, in succession to the late Sir Augustus Harris, will give unqualified satisfaction, as it is a well-known fact "these Americans" eclipse every one else at this side of the ocean. The members of the syndicate, among whom are Countess de Grey, Lord Rothschild, and several others, propose to lease the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, for the production of grand opera next season—bringing out the best talent at both sides of the Atlantic during the New York and London seasons, which is quite feasible, seeing that the former holds high festival in mid-winter and the latter in mid-summer.

Countess de Grey, who, as Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, was well known as the dark-haired beauty, is now much devoted to the drama. By the death of her first husband, Lord Lonsdale, the family estates, in default of a male heir, passed to his brother. Gladys, as a widow, was the reigning belle for a few seasons. Lord Durham was among her admirers, but as he had a wife already living, there was a difficulty in the way. Then followed a divorce suit, in which the noble lord tried to get free from his wife, who is in an insane asylum. It was a cause celebre, and the leading lights of the Bar held briefs; but it was no go. Insanity is not a valid reason for divorce, so the Durham divorce suit was ended. Gladys then bestowed her hand on Earl de Grey, only son of the Marquess of Ripon, whose ancestral seat at Studley Royal, Ripon, Yorkshire, is one of the finest places in the North Riding. The Marquess of Ripon was Viceroy of India during one of the Gladstone Cabinets, but as his wife could not stand the climate he stayed at Calcutta as short a time as possible. You will remember what a sensation it caused some years ago when he gave up his position as Grand Master of the English Freemasons and joined the Roman Church, being the only member of his family of the same persuasion.

Lady de Grey's mother, Lady Herbert of Lea, is also a Roman. Her house at Eton Square is a great rendezvous for struggling artists and literati, as well as the beau monde. She lets it during the season, and devotes the proceeds to the support of an orphanage. Lady Herbert of Lea, though now very far advanced in years, is also a great writer; the profits derived from her pen are given for the benefit of charity. She is a cousin of Cardinal Vaughan, and usually lives in Rome, where her salon is the great rallying point for English society in the Eternal City.

"The play's the thing in which to catch the conscience of the King," and, we may add, grand opera, the drama and the music halls are the panacea for domestic unhappiness among a certain section of society men and women. I could name you a dowager Duchess who, during the years of her husband's life, found her only consolation in going to Covent Garden and elsewhere to hear a divine tenor sing the song that reached her heart. And, when the Duke of — died, she married the tenor, and thus became Mrs. T. H., though to the world she still remained, as she is now, the dowager Duchess of —.

The serious illness of H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, has assumed quite an alarming character, and but little hope is entertained of his recovery. His wife, who as Miss Dorothy Tennant was a famous artist of child life in the Arab form, as seen in the London slums, is a great favorite with Baroness Burdett Coutts, who made her a present of ten thousand pounds as a wedding gift on her marriage with Stanley.

Ernesto Rossi, the celebrated Italian tragedian, who has just died at Florence, had a very beautiful watch, which was presented to him during a professional visit to Lisbon, by King Louis of Portugal, father of the present reigning King, Charles. The watch was a marvelous timekeeper; but, on the 19th of October, 1895, at thirty-five minutes past nine, it suddenly stopped. At the same moment King Louis died. Rossi was so much impressed by this mysterious coincidence

that he never would arrange the watch, and placed it under a crystal, with a written account of the strange event he had experienced.

The State entry of the Czar and Czarina into St. Petersburg was the tamest of tame affairs, as regards anything in the way of a fete. The *Newsy Prospect* was gayly decorated, but the people were conspicuous by their absence. The Czar, was received by the Grand Dukes and Court officials and the provincial delegates. The customary offering of bread on silver plates, and bouquets of flowers, were made. The Czar first went to the cathedral, then to the fortress, the troops forming a double hedge round the Imperial cortege.

The Imperial ukase forbidding the manufacture and the sale of alcohol by private persons in twelve of the Russian provinces, including Poland, and making it the establishment of a State monopoly, to replace the private industry, which is abolished, is a measure of oppression which would not be tolerated in any civilized country outside of Russia.

Emperor William II. of Germany is honorary colonel of the First Dragoon Guards, which was one of the regiments that took a prominent part in the battle of Waterloo. When Emperor William's message to President Krueger in the Transvaal was translated and made known through the press of the British Isles, and dubbed by the Thunderer as "a gratuitous insult to Britain," the gallant warriors of the First Dragoon Guards took immediate action, and burned the effigy of their honorary colonel: to wit, Emperor William.

But the anniversary of Waterloo, June 18, "hove in sight," as the yachtsmen say, and the war lord was aroused by the thrilling remembrance of what dauntless deeds of valor were done before he was born by his sometime regiment. So from the city by the banks of the Spree known as Berlin he dispatched one Baron Eckhardstein, in all the glory of feathers and war paint, the resplendent uniform of the White Cuirassiers. The Baron, a brave, who stands six feet in his stockings, with warlike blue eyes, golden hair and a tawny mustache, a regular "pride of the mess" and darling of the regiment, sped on his errand as peacemaker, with a laurel crown in gold, well ribboned, to be attached to the standard of the regiment, which is now quartered at dear dirty Dublin.

A review on the Fifteen Acres, Phoenix Park, Dublin, was in full operation on the 18th of June, and the First Dragoon Guards with their real colonel, were commemorating the part their regiment took in Waterloo, by the mimic warfare of a field day, when the gigantic Teuton appeared on the scene, and here the White Cuirassier found a steed awaiting him which for "pure cussedness" hasn't an equal in the Emerald Isle.

The Baron, who is the best mount in the German army, sprang into the saddle with consummate ease, but that Irish horse knew what was expected of him, and that the eyes of the world were upon him; so he didn't "go back" on their hopes. So with one mighty buck jump the Irish steed unhorsed his rider. The White Cuirassier measured his length on the Fifteen Acres. The steed, having thus proved himself the better animal, the warrior once more mounted, and the laurel crown was placed on the standard.

A double execution has taken place at Constantinople. The victims are two Armenians, Torres Oglou Oussepe, called Garabet, and Agap Oglou Kevork, called Leon. They were convicted of having killed in the open street of Galata the police agent Khalil Effendi; this is the first public execution for twenty years, as Sultan Abdul Hamid, like the late President Grevy of France, signed the commutation of the death sentence for all condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

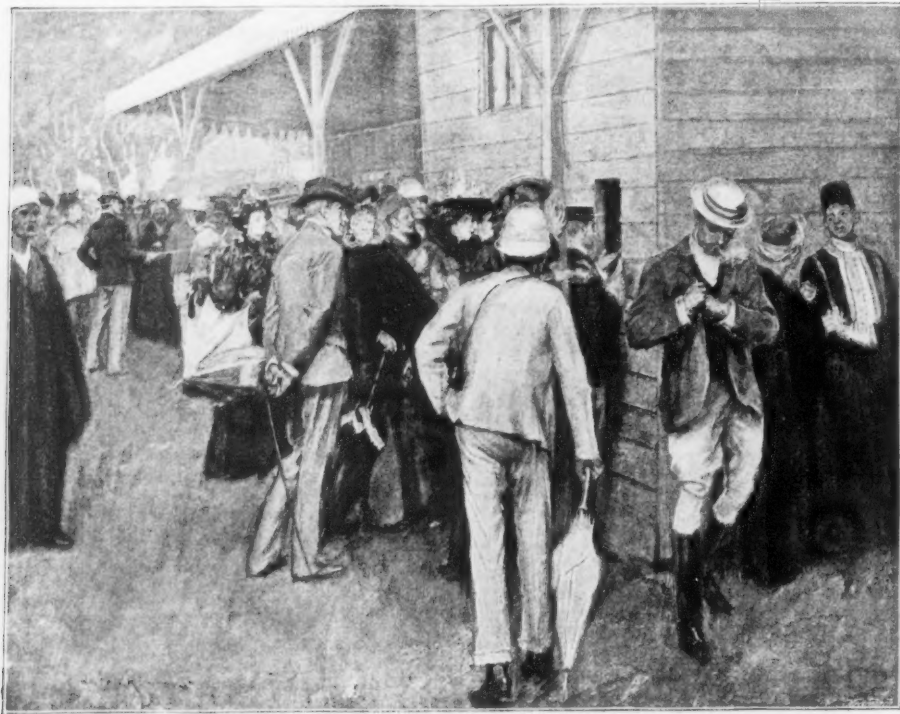
For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty five cents a bottle.







LOVE FEAST.



THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.—TAKING TICKETS AT THE "PARI MUTUEL" OFFICE ON THE CAIRO RACE COURSE.

At the race meetings in Cairo, the system of betting in vogue is that known in France as the "Pari Mutuel." A man wishing to stake a sum upon a horse buys at an office a ticket for a fixed price. The amount to be won by backing a winner varies according to the number of

tickets sold to people who have backed other horses. Tickets are sold at prices to suit all classes. Just before a race there is a rush to the "Pari Mutuel" office, and men and women of all races are to be seen waiting to buy tickets.

## OUR NOTE BOOK

APPROPOS to the death of Mrs. Stowe it has been currently stated that, after the Bible, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has had the largest circulation of any book ever published. That is all nonsense. There is "Monte Cristo," for instance, "The Three Guardsmen" and Hugo's "Les Misérables," each of which has outsold it. Then think of the generations that have fed on Homer. In this country alone "Trilby" has had a sale relatively greater. But no matter, the circulation of Mrs. Stowe's novel has been prodigious. There are ten different French translations, there are nine in Germany, six in Spain, three in Russia. In addition it has been translated into Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, Greek, Hungarian, Illyrian, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Servian, Swedish, Wallachian and Welsh. In 1856 Macaulay wrote to Mrs. Stowe: "I have just returned from Italy, where your name seems to throw that of all other writers into the shade. There is no place where 'Uncle Tom' is not to be found." Nor was there. In seeking the secret of the book's success you will find four factors—the expression of a sentiment almost universal, its expression at an hour when the world awaited it, and, in a minor degree, the absence of high art from its pages, together with the dearth of literary taste at the time at which it appeared. As a serial in the *National Era* it commanded from the first increasing interest. In 1852, when it was published in book form, its success was immediate; for a year it sold at the rate of one thousand copies per day, eight power-presses barely keeping up with the demand. Then the sale slackened a bit, and gradually decreased; fifteen years later the publishers announced the three hundred and fourteenth thousand. After that it became one of those works which are handsomely bound and never read. That which has put "Uncle Tom" at home in every household throughout the length and breadth of this country is not the book but the play, not the sentiment which it expressed, for the force of it, expended in a revolution, had subsided, it was the dramatic portrayal of the episodes which it contained. Wherever the circus could penetrate, in hamlets obscure and villages remote, wherever there was a hall in which a play could be given, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811. Her father was a Congregational clergyman living upon a salary of eight hundred dollars. At the age of twenty-five she married Professor Calvin E. Stowe, who taught Biblical criticism and Oriental literature in Lane Theological Seminary. She had six brothers; they were all clergymen. The atmosphere not alone of her home but of its surroundings was hard, illiberal, rarefied, and hard with that hardness, illiberal with that illiberality which was peculiar to New England.

Whether it was the reaction which put the pathos in her novel, who shall say? But the psychological effect was manifest in her subsequent and entirely needless attack on Byron, who, while second rate and sometimes third rate as a poet, and, as a man, lawless in the extreme, was yet a gentleman, at the time a dead gentleman, and as such unable to reply. The attack made Mrs. Stowe notorious, and created new interest in her other works. But that interest subsided, too. The week before last when she died Mrs. Stowe was known

to the general public simply as the author of "Uncle Tom," and to nine people out of ten her obituaries were a surprise: they fancied her dead and buried years and years ago. Such are the rewards of merit. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was distinctly a meritorious performance; but to speak of it as a work of genius is to display a beautiful ignorance of what genius is.

The Mongolian Viceroy, in search of advice as to the best means of refurbishing his country and bringing that immensity which is China up to date, knocks at Bismarck's door.

"Create a standing army, even though it be a small one," the Chancellor recommended. "See that it is thoroughly drilled, thoroughly equipped, thoroughly disciplined; then construct a system of railways which will enable you to mass the army at any given point."

Unless the Viceroy is stupider than he looks he will do nothing of the kind. What he should try to do, and what subsequent centuries may perhaps accomplish for him, is to reclaim his subjects from the abysmal ignorance in which they wallow. A standing army is all very well in Europe, and for that matter all very well in the East; but before it can be effective the people from whom it is recruited must, as a preliminary, go to school. It isn't Maxim guns that tell; it is brains. Witness the Japs.

In Our Note Book a few weeks ago I recited a poem signed Cameron Rogers which since then has been extensively copied throughout the country. In the little introduction which I gave to it I expressed the hope that we should hear more of Mr. Cameron Rogers, the belief, indeed, that we would, for throughout the poem rang the true note, that note which only comes to those who pause and listen to the footfalls of the Muse. It was not the production of an amateur, it was the work of a trained lyricist, and it will be a surprise and a disappointment should this bit of verse be the first and last of his which we are destined to see. A number of years ago there was in New York a coterie of men and women, or perhaps it would be more exact to say of girls and boys, who devoted odd evenings to the study of good verse. Everything was read, and, as there is much enthusiasm in youth, everything was applauded. Aldrich fascinated us, so, too, did Swinburne; you may judge, therefore, how catholic were our tastes. Well, one day some one read a poem which began as follows:

"With breath of thyme and bees that hum,  
Across the years you seem to come.  
Across the years with nymph-like tread,  
And wind-blown brows unfilleted;  
A girlish shape that slips the bud  
In lines of unspoiled symmetry,  
A girlish shape that stirs the blood  
With pulse of spring, Autonoë."

"Where'er you go, where'er you pass,  
There comes a gladness to the grass,  
Where'er you pass, where'er you go,  
I hear the pebbly rillet flow:  
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread,  
Blithe airs that blow from hill to sea,  
You wake in me a Pan not dead,  
Not wholly dead, Autonoë."

And so it went on. At its termination every one wished to know who the author might be. A long time it was, too, that every one continued to wish. For the poem published in a corner of an obscure Canadian paper was undated and unsigned. The secretary of the coterie wrote to the editor of that paper asking information. There was no reply. A second note was sent, and ultimately an answer was received in which the

editor stated that on investigation he had discovered that the poem had been copied from an exchange, but from what exchange he did not know. There for a year, and it may be for longer, the matter rested. Finally a book of verse was issued in London; it was reprinted here; it contained that poem and it was signed Austin Dobson. Is it extravagant to hope that Mr. Cameron Rogers may do likewise—that he, too, will bring out a book which shall delight us all?

Every innovation has an influence, ephemeral or lasting, according to its nature. The fad of a day may become a mania; but to endure, however briefly, it must have the stamp of approval which only social leaders can give. Roller-skating, which was once popular everywhere, did not become so until an exclusive club, known as the *Festina Lente*, was inaugurated by the fashionables of New York. Then, presto! skating rinks abounded. They went up in California, they went up in Maine, and just as suddenly they came down again—at an epoch, I think, coincident with the craze for tennis. But the latter, though vigorous, was not as general as roller-skating, and neither compare in any form, manner or shape with the recent and practically universal adoption of the wheel. It was the young princes and princesses of Denmark and of the allied royal houses that first made bicycling the thing to do abroad. But it was not until it was taken up by the smart set in New York that the demand for wheels here abruptly exceeded the supply. To-day, if I am correctly informed, wherever there are roads there are wheels. Bokhara, where red lilies glow, the emerald domes of Samarcand, the pink splendors of Jeypore, all have witnessed civilization's latest mode of locomotion. It is only at crossroads of the Orient where fanatics lurk, and in Africa where there are no roads at all, that the bike has not yet gone.

How it has affected various guilds and trades every one is aware. The change in women's dress which it is making, and which it will complete, is radical; the knockout which in this country and in Europe it has given to fiction is a tragedy to publishers and authors as well. But have you noticed that it is affecting the invariable, that it is altering the quality and conditions of Love?

It used to be in the gaslight, when it did not happen to be in the moonlight, that two hearts began to beat as one. Between young men and young women there used to be a barrier, intangible perhaps, yet none the less real, which separated them by day, and when evening came somewhere within beck and call was the chaperon. The bike has changed all that. That affection, almost ethereal, which a girl in shimmering silks and waves of lace would inspire in a man who saw her only in embellishing lights may not have gone as yet, but it is becoming daily not alone more difficult to inspire but to experience. And that species of gallantry, so fine and so false, of which the ballroom was the incentive, is also ceasing to be. Young women, from superior beings, quasi-angelic, sometimes wholly ideal, have become not merely the equals of their young men, but their comrades, too. And as for the chaperon, presently she will be as extinct as any one of the monsters of prehistoric times.

What the result shall be is not altogether hypothetical. Young men who fell in love with glancing eyes and shimmering silks, only, after marriage, to weary of both; and young women who surrendered their hearts to high gentility and spacious manners only to find them irresponsible and vacant as the air, will become, like the chaperon, part of the past, discoverable but in the annals of the divorce court and the dust-bins of fiction. Young people who go careering over the country on their bikes, meeting with accidents, taking pot-luck, their shimmering silks and ballroom manners left far behind, acquire of one another an understanding so entire, an appreciation so thorough, that when marriage occurs there are no illusions to be dispelled, and in place of them will have come a solid affection born of the open, born of selection, against which Time indeed may cope, but which may ultimately close three-fourths of the Divorce Courts of the land. In spite of the Silverites, the Golden Age is not behind us, it is straight ahead.

From the caracalla of the Borgias to clam chowder ptomaines the list of poisons is interesting and sufficiently long. But here is a new one of which I have seen no mention in the newspapers and which I hope some novelist will utilize—not on himself, of course—but in the hands of his villain. It is called Bembé; it is the extract of the pollen of a flower which grows in Hayti. Taken internally it is tasteless, it is mortal and it leaves no trace. So far so good. There are other poisons precisely similar. The value of Bembé, to the novelist and to the crackman, consists in the fact that, reduced to a powder and blown through the keyhole of a room in which any one is asleep, it throws the sleeper into a condition quasi-cataleptic. In certain circumstances the entrance of the novelist or of his crackman into that room may arouse the sleeper to an entire visual and mental perception of what is going on, but the effect of the drug is such that the victim can neither move nor speak. In other circumstances every perception is abolished. Sarah Bernhardt had an adventure with it. It is not so long ago that it was blown through the keyhole of a room which she occupied in Buenos Ayres. In that room were eight attendants, the guardians of her jewels and of herself. Not one of them was conscious of the robbery which then occurred. Mme. Bernhardt had to be thrown from her bed before she could be awakened. Her dog slept three whole days. In Montevideo recently, an Englishman who was accustomed on retiring to place his pistol beside him and his valuables under his pillow, saw a man enter the room where he lay, saw him put the pistol aside, pocket the valuables and disappear. It was eight hours before he was able to tell what had happened. Si non e ver, e ben trovato.

Beauty and business are married at last. The poster has done it. In Paris, ten years ago, Cheret began to turn the dead walls into picture galleries; Beardsley attempted the same thing in London. Now the newspapers and magazines rival each other here in decorating the news-stands. The passer sees the drawings,



and as a rule the advertisements, too. Whether or not he heeds the latter is a detail. It is his eye that is being educated, and, by the same token, his taste. Cheret's pictures, often fantastic, are always joyous. Gayety is their dominant note. It puts you in a good humor to look at them. In the posters of Aubrey Beardsley—Weirdsley Daubery as he is more familiarly called—you find the influence of Burne Jones heightened by an eccentricity which is at once new and medieval. Our native artists lean more to the French school than to the English. They do not succeed in getting that devil-may-care explosion of laughter on their bills which constitutes Cheret's originality; but at least the women they portray are more alluring than Beardsley's, and the coloring, if less flamboyant, is better calculated to arrest and detain the eye.

"I do not wish to be amused," said Emerson, who, if a profound thinker, was rather pettish in private life. The majority of us like amusement. With age the predilection for it is apt to wane. In New England not so very long ago any form of distraction was, by the elders, regarded as more or less of a sin. But though the desire to participate may decrease with years, it is only among the diminishing Puritans and Quakers that amusement is forbidden to the young. To cultivated old age there is always something left that entertains.

"What is there that amuses you still?" the French Minister recently asked of the Pope.

"A fine page of Cicero," answered that splendid old man.

EDGAR SALTUS.

### FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

THAT we should have a very distinguished foreign visitor among us, and that the daily press, ever since the hour of his arrival, should have failed to chronicle his doings, or to take the slightest notice of his presence in their news columns, is not only a very unusual but an almost unprecedented occurrence.

The present writer, however, can give the explanation. Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, an ex-member of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, is known all over the world as one of the most practical philanthropists of this or any other century. It was he who, after a tough fight in and outside Parliament, succeeded in breaking up the awful trade carried on by so-called "ship brokers," of dispatching to foreign ports vessels in an utterly unseaworthy state. The owners deliberately insured these ships for very large sums, and sent them to sea with the express object of having them sink and of pocketing the insurance money. Further reference will be made later to the Merchant Shipping Act, of which Mr. Plimsoll is the author, and to a famous episode which occurred in the House of Commons during its passage.

Now as to Mr. Plimsoll's presence in the metropolis of the United States, and the reason for his being buried out of sight, so far as the newspapers are concerned.

The writer was assigned by the editor of the Sunday edition of one of the New York dailies to interview "the sailor's friend" and secure a sufficient amount of interesting "copy" to make a two-column story. At the Gilsey House word came via the bell-boy that Mr. Plimsoll was unwell and could not see visitors. The boy was told to go back and inquire when it would be convenient for the distinguished guest to grant an interview. In response to this request Mr. Plimsoll came in person—a tall, well-proportioned man, of quick, nervous movement, and with a fine head from the high brow of which the hair had fallen away, although further back were ample silvery locks. He wore a full beard, also white, and the smoked glasses that covered his eyes gave them a peculiar effect of contrast with the white hair and beard. Something in the ensemble of his head and face suggested at once Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun, but his gait was rather shuffling and his figure slightly bent, and he thus lacked the erect carriage and light, springy step characteristic of Mr. Dana.

He grasped the writer's hand cordially, and said:

"I'm not well. It's too hot for me here, and I cannot talk. You understand that there is no animosity

against you, but I have refused every one else who has called to see me from the press."

"I do not wish to trouble you now, Mr. Plimsoll, but perhaps you might arrange to see me at some other time?"

"No, no," he answered, hurriedly and nervously. "I'll not see any one. I'm besieged. Why, last night they were after me the whole evening, sending up cards to my room. I'm going to get away from here—I'm going to escape."

"Will you go through the country, Mr. Plimsoll, or do you intend to go back to the other side?"

Realizing that he was being interviewed in spite of himself, he bowed politely and withdrew. The hotel clerk told the writer that he had really had more of an interview with Mr. Plimsoll than any other newspaper man among the many who called. "They did not even see him in person," he said.

So that is the reason there has been such complete newspaper silence about the doings of Samuel Plimsoll, one of the most remarkable men who have ever visited us. The bare announcement, printed on the day of his arrival, that he came here for the purpose of stimulating a reaction in the minds of the American public against the popular feeling of hatred toward the English as a race, is all that has been published concerning him or his mission. It will, however, be of interest to recall, at this moment, the historic scene in the House of Commons which really struck the keynote of Samuel Plimsoll's success in his brave crusade against the "coffin ships."

He was then member of Parliament for Derby, and the bill to regulate the merchant shipping industry so that the scoundrels who were sacrificing the lives of sailors without compunction should be prevented from sinning further, was about to be debated. It was the night of July 23, 1875, and Mr. Disraeli announced that the Plimsoll bill would be withdrawn for that session in order that the Agricultural Holdings bill might be considered. Mr. Plimsoll was thunderstruck; after all his arduous fight to get the Merchant Shipping Act through, it was to be withdrawn for an undefined period, and, worse yet, to make room for a comparatively unimportant measure. The Speaker said that when the motion for withdrawal came up formally discussion would be in order, but Mr. Plimsoll promptly moved, amid applause, the adjournment of the House. "I entreat the Government," he said, "not to send thousands of men to death. Outside this House, conscienceless ship-owners have been untiring in their efforts to defeat this proposed legislation, and this they have succeeded in doing through the aid of their representatives within this House." Words so startling of course created wild confusion, and for a moment or two nothing could be heard save importunate cries of "Name! Name!" Then Mr. Plimsoll went on: "Uncounted numbers of fearless seamen are yearly doomed to death, wives are widowed and children orphaned, to put money in the purses of speculative villains who fear not God nor man in their pursuit of gain."

The Speaker intervened: "The Merchant Shipping bill is not now before the House, and discussion upon it is not in order." "Then I give notice," said Mr. Plimsoll, "that next Tuesday I will put the question whether the owner of four vessels which have been lost" (naming them) "is the Edward Bates who is member of this House for Plymouth. I shall ask questions about members on this side of the House also, for the scoundrels who send men to their death must be unmasked."

There was a greater uproar now than ever, and he was called on to retract, but refused. "The member for Derby," said Mr. Disraeli, "has acted in an unprecedented manner." "So have the Government," cried Mr. Plimsoll, and Disraeli called on the Speaker to rebuke him. Stoutly reiterating his refusal to retract, Plimsoll uttered the words "I will expose them" and left the House. He encountered Sir William Harcourt in the lobby: "The House of Commons," he exclaimed, "is not the house of the people. Thousands will find a watery grave."

This famous debate aroused the whole country, and led to the passing of the bill. Plimsoll was at once the idol and hero of the hour.

Mr. Samuel Plimsoll's mission to America, so far as the public have been permitted to learn anything about it, is understood to be inspired by a benevolent desire to promote a feeling of international amity between his country and ours. He has, at least, proved by his public career that in whatever great movements he has been the leader, or taken a prominent part, his motives were worthy and sincere. Why should he be denied credit for being actuated by similar motives in his present crusade? The daily press, apparently because they cannot, owing to Mr. Plimsoll's reticence and preference for privacy since his arrival, secure anything from him for their news columns, have adopted the expedient of attacking and even ridiculing him, in their lead editorial. This is not fair play. His cause should not be prejudiced before it is heard, and doubtless we will hear all about it when he is ready. He is essentially a man of action. If Mr. Plimsoll seeks to diminish discord and promote harmony, why should either nation object, provided his proposition means nothing but peace with honor? The latter term is used, of course, altogether in the social sense, because Mr. Plimsoll is not in this case concerned with politics, but, as is generally understood, with personal and social international relations. He wants, he says, to make Americans and Englishmen like each other. Every one has a right to his own view of the matter; but not a single point can be scored by indulging in either flippancy or abuse, both of which the New York Sun and New York Journal have, respectively, each according to its own particular light, bestowed on Mr. Plimsoll.

### HAMLET LEFT OUT.

The enforcement of the ancient New Jersey blue laws at Orange, in that State, has proved curiously effectual after the fashion which Charles Dickens christened "how not to do it." The Women's Christian Temperance Union made a crusade for the closing of all places of business upon Sundays. As a result, ice cream, confectionery and cigar stores were forced to close their doors, while trade was freely carried on by the saloons. As this is a thirsty season of the year, and as Orange possesses no public fountains, the advantage derived by hotels and bars from the closing of all other places of refreshment may be imagined.

### A RADICAL CHANGE.

It is common enough to hear of brides insisting upon the elimination of the word "obey" in the formula of the marriage ceremony. But it is something new to hear of the entire formula being written by the bride. That is what happened at the wedding of Miss Boutine Butler to Walter S. Lieber. On the principle of place aux dames, it was fitting that the ceremony should have taken place at Philadelphia, as the lady was a Quaker. The bridegroom being a member of the Jewish faith, according to its tenets no rabbi would marry him to a Christian. The Society of Friends have no set hymeneal form, so Miss Butler, under the direction of some elderly co-religionists, devised a contract. There were thirty bridesmaids at the wedding, and for them were provided thirty marriage loaves. Copies of the marriage form might have been distributed among them profitably, for that the New Woman should favor the idea it represents is, one would think, more than probable.

### HE SHOULD TOUR KENTUCKY.

The Kneipp Verein of New York, which represents the method of curing human ills originated by Father Kneipp of Bavaria, has received word that the doctor-priest will lecture in America in September. Father Kneipp, among other prescriptions, in all of which cold water is a principal ingredient, has one remedy for which he claims extraordinary virtues. Almost any disease can be cured if the sufferer will walk in his bare feet upon grass wet with rain. Father Kneipp was first heard of in Europe, nearly two years ago. He has succeeded in effecting some notable cures. He cannot be a crank, for it is in the external, not the internal, application of cold water that, according to his theory, its virtue lies.

### ATLANTIC CITY'S BOARD WALK.

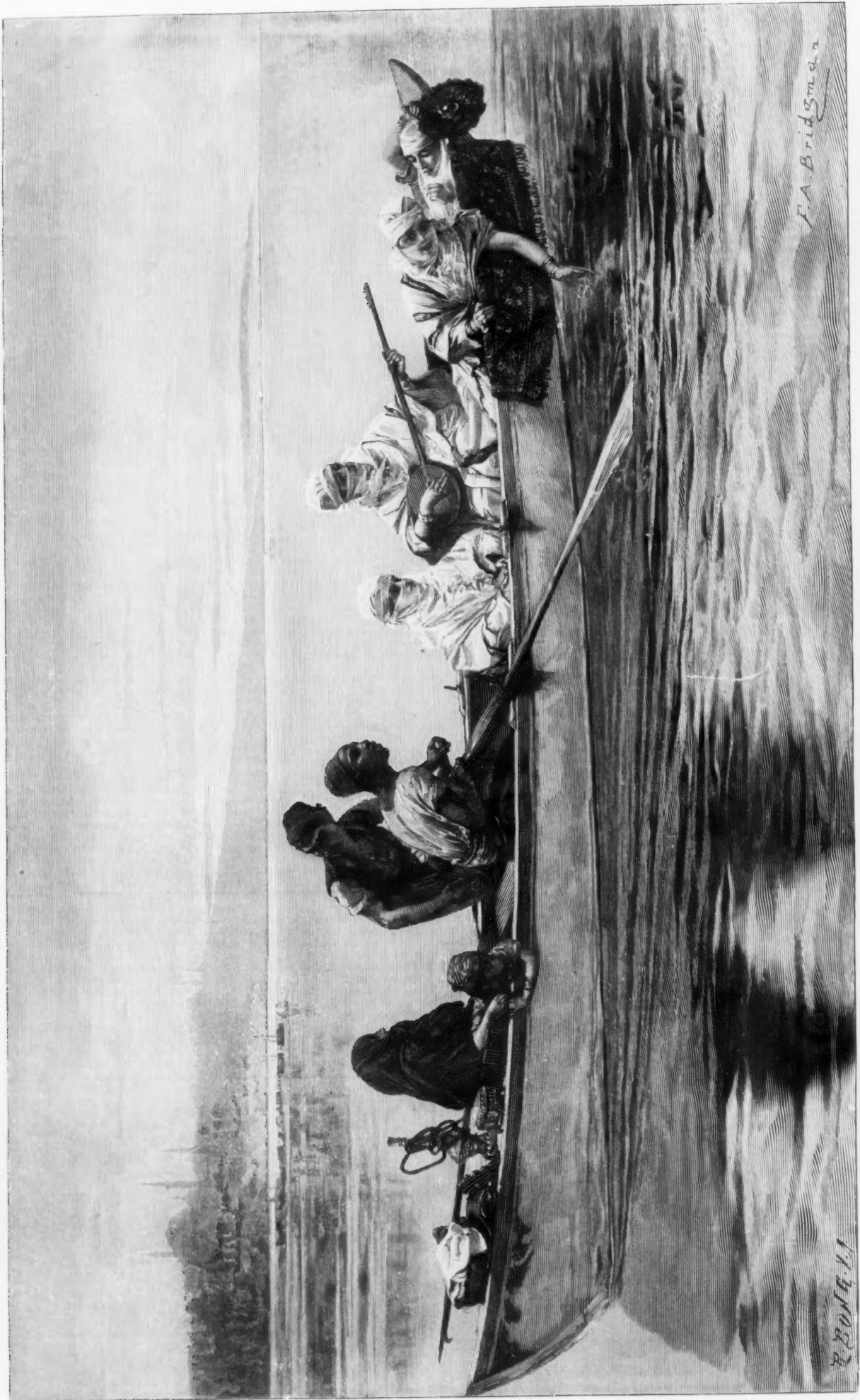
The great crowds which overflow Atlantic City in the heated months have long since overtaken the capacity of the time-honored promenade along the ocean front of the town and the new walk, just completed at a cost of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was an absolute necessity. It was urged by many residents that the new structure ought to be



called the "esplanade," or some other modern term; but Mayor Stoy, to whose energy the enterprise largely owes its success, insists that the homely old name of the "board walk," endeared to generations of habitués, should not be displaced; therefore "board walk" it will remain.

The new board walk has been built closer to the surf than the old affair, the removal of which has enabled the owners of abutting real estate to erect substantial pavilions and stores upon the vacated space. The walk extends from Vermont to Pacific Avenues, a distance of twenty-four blocks. At either end it connects with the old walk, thus giving a promenade of more than four miles.

The construction is of steel with a footway of two-inch plank, forty feet in width, and the whole is built to stand the greatest strain which the throngs, always found along this pleasant seaside Vanity Fair, can possibly impose upon it.



EVENING ON THE BOSPHORUS.





CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS HOME OF GEORGIA



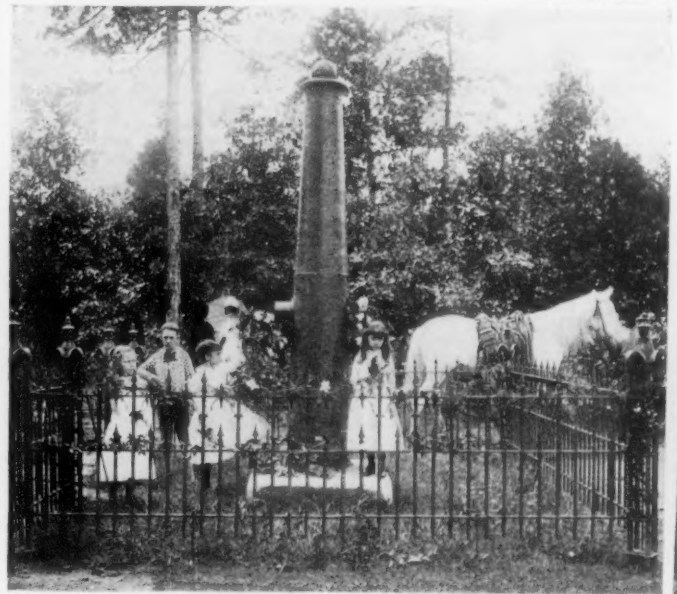
PORTION OF BATTLE GROUND  
JULY 22, 1864 ATLANTA



LEYDEN HOUSE PEACHTREE ST. GEN. SHERMAN'S  
HEADQUARTERS



GEN. SHERMAN'S HEAD QUARTERS  
NOW GIRLS SCHOOL



MONUMENT MARKING SPOT WHERE GEN. J. M. PEMBERTON WAS KILLED



FORT WALKER AS RESTORED IN GRANT PARK

AN EMPTY MEMORIAL OF WAR.

## THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW" FOR JULY.

The current number of the *North American Review* opens with a remarkable contribution from the pen of Professor Coit Tyler of Cornell University, entitled, "The Declaration of Independence in the Light of Modern Criticism." It is an admirable resume of the most famous charter of Liberty the world has ever seen, not even excepting Magna Charta.

Cornell University may well be proud of her professor of history. The Alumni of such an Alma Mater are the future champions of enlightenment, and it is safe to say whenever the United States of Europe follow in the wake of the grand Republic the Declaration of American Independence will be their text-book and watchword. Giving a succinct and lucid account of the treatment of the thirteen colonies by George III., Professor Coit Tyler quotes innumerable authorities, legal, political and historical. Edmund Burke's speech in the House of Commons only a few weeks before the American Revolution and the words of "the greatest of English statesmen" ten years previously in the same House: "Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest."

The Declaration of American Independence Professor Coit Tyler justly eulogizes as "the very phraseology of the champions of constitutional expansion, of civic dignity and progress within the English race ever since Magna Charta." The last direction of its framer, Thomas Jefferson, is pathetically touched on. The inscription on the granite obelisk on his grave, "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence," recalling the olden time, when at least once every year the Declaration of Independence was publicly read in "the hearing of vast throngs of the American people in every portion of the Republic." One can only say such a revival would be gladly hailed by many who now aspire to become citizens of the United States and to whom this memorable charter is nothing more than a legend. Continuing, Professor Coit Tyler says: "It was the preamble of the Declaration of Independence which elected Lincoln, which sent forth the Emancipation Proclamation, which gave victory to Grant, which ratified the Thirteenth Amendment." Professor Coit Tyler concludes thus: "It has become the classic statement of political truths which must at last abolish kings altogether, or else teach them to identify their existence with the dignity and happiness of human nature."

"After the Coronation at Moscow," by Karl Blind, is a deep study in Russian history, past and present, in which the fate of the Czars is briefly told. "What will be the future reign and home policy of the young 'Imperator?' Under this title, Czar Nicholas II. has been crowned, or, rather, has crowned himself." The writer recalls the old gressome saying, "A Czar walks with his father's murderers before and his own murderers behind him." The prospect is certainly not envying. The vast military forces massed at Moscow were sufficient to quell a vast foreign invasion. What the Russian people are struggling for is to obtain a constitutional Government, a national Parliament, representative institutions. The Czar's manifesto is thus summed up: "In this instance the quality of mercy is exceedingly strained . . . the political sufferers in Siberia are still left there in a most cruel condition. The decree does not make it possible for any noted Russian exile to return to his fatherland."

On the whole the Russian outlook could scarcely be more gloomy, both for the people and their autocratic ruler.

"Some International Delusions," by the Rev. Francis E. Clark, will be perused with profit and delight. True to the life, humorous in the extreme, the reverend gentleman concludes with the following sentiments, which we fully indorse: "If the peoples of England, America and Australia knew more of each other they would love each other far more. International misunderstandings of any serious character would be almost impossible, and war between the peoples who speak the language of Shakespeare would be an undreamed of possibility. English arrogance and American spread-eagleism and Australian provincialism would each receive a deadly blow if the great branches of the English race but knew each other better, and these extraordinary international delusions would take to themselves wings and fly away."

"The Stepschild of the Republic," by William E. Smythe, marks an era in the history of the United States. To be told that within our gates, in the vast arid

regions, lie such tremendous possibilities is like reading one of the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen. But every statement is fully verified. "The arid region of the United States is a stupendous public property," says Mr. Smythe. "It is the heritage of the next generation of American citizens. To conquer and subdue it to the uses of civilization will be one of the mighty tasks of the twentieth century. What Africa is to the nations of Europe, Arid America is to the people of the United States—a vast virgin field which lies open to industrial conquest—the natural outlet for surplus people and capital accumulated in more than two centuries of prosperity." With these premises we are carried through seventeen desert States, capable of providing for one hundred millions of inhabitants in a state of superior civilization.

"A Common Coinage for all Nations," by the Hon. C. W. Stone, is a mastery solution of many of the problems of the vexed monetary question, and the best

Who can resist the magical pen of Max O'Rell, in "Petticoat Government"? He is more fascinating than ever, if this were possible. The comments on his article, by Mrs. Harriett Prescott Spofford and Mrs. Margaret Bottoone adds all the piquancy of a keen debate to the arguments of the witty Max.

In "Storm Tracks," by F. L. Oswald, we are at once in many lands, measuring the velocity of Boreas as he sweeps his mighty whirlwinds across our globe.

"A President of No Importance," by W. B. McCracken, introduces us to the President of the Swiss Republic in Europe.

"The Necessity of Limiting Railway Competition," by H. T. Newcomb, is an effort to put down the brake on our competition system and lead it into unification.

"American Diplomats in Europe," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, will be read with

"Reasons for an Immediate Arbitration Treaty with England," by Professor Charles W. Eliot, is an able advocacy for the blessings of peace. Longfellow's immortal words ring in one's ears forever:

"Peace, peace, Orestes like,  
I breathe this prayer."

"Mr. Cleveland's Second Administration," by George Walton Green, is a graphic account of the reign of reigning dynasty in the United States. "Posterity will not rank Mr. Cleveland as a brilliant statesman," says Mr. Walton Green, but "a candid and grateful posterity will rank among the very highest on the list the second Administration of Grover Cleveland."

In "Studies of Notable Men: Baron de Hirsch," by the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, the great friend of the Jewish race, lately deceased, is put forward in a very pleasing light.

"Theodore Roosevelt as an Historian," by W. P. Trent, gives an interesting synopsis of the works of Roosevelt—"The Winning of the West" and "The Naval War of 1812."

"Cardinal Manning, Anglican and Roman," by the venerable Dr. C. C. Tiffany, D.D., Archdeacon of the diocese of New York, is a criticism on Mr. Sheridan Purcell's recent work. Says Dr. Tiffany: "The Life of Cardinal Manning by Edmund Sheridan Purcell, member of the Roman Academy of Letters, is one of the most extraordinary biographies ever published. It quite rivals Mr. Froude's treatment of Thomas Carlyle in what one might style its brutal frankness."

"Substitutes for the Saloon," by Francis G. Peabody, is an earnest striving for something better for the workingman than everlasting beer, without even the enlightenment of skittles.

"Is There Another Life?" by Goldwin Smith, is written from a depressing materialistic view.

"President Angell's Quarter Centennial," by Martin L. D'Ooge, is a most interesting account of the president who has presided over the University of Michigan for twenty-five years.

"Moltke and His Generalship," by J. Von Verdy du Vernois, is a study in a broad light of the great German strategist and the part he played in the Franco-German War.

## HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

Notwithstanding the dangerous inroads made on man's independence since the advent of the New Woman, there is a ray of comfort imparted to the lot of the male human machine by a recent decision of the Supreme Court in this city under which the man remains master of the situation in his own house. It was in an action brought by a father to recover possession of his two children who had been removed from his home by his wife and taken to the house of her father, where they were to have been reared in affluence independent of their father's control had not the Supreme Court stepped in and spoiled the little game. The circumstances surrounding the case are a little outside the usual tenor of such cases and are worth narrating. Louis Sternberger and his wife Birdie were married in 1888, two children, aged five and seven years respectively, being the fruit of the union. The husband, Louis, was a rich broker when the marriage took place, but fortune proved delusive and he failed in 1891.

Then came the change, Birdie having all at once found she had been married to a man who did not understand her. She became a "New Woman," a student of philosophy, pedagogy, psychology, and any number of other ologies, and longing to be free. Under advice of her counsel, Joseph H. Choate, she commenced last year to keep a diary of everything distasteful done by her husband. Still no proof on which to base a suit for separation presented itself beyond the finding of a hairpin in her husband's room, which, after grave deliberation with himself and reference to the best-known authorities, and possibly a comparison of the hairpin found with those used by Birdie, Lawyer Choate decided formed no basis. Birdie then cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty by quitting and taking the children with her; hence the suit. The decision was in connection with the referee's report, giving the wife control of the children because of her father's wealth, which Judge Truax refused to confirm, holding that the husband is the head of the family and it is the wife's duty to remain with him, unless his conduct is such as to render it unsafe for her to remain in his household. So Louis Sternberger, like Tony Lumpkin, is "his own man again," and Birdie comes to be what Sam Fessenden says "the Almighty hates—a quitter."



STATUE OF GENERAL WARREN.  
UNVEILED IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, JULY 4, 1896.

solution yet presented to us. The wisdom of Napoleon's declaration at St. Helena that what the world needs is "a common law, a common measure and a common money" is fully explained and verified.

"The Right of Privacy," by Jonh Gilmer Speed, is argued pro and con with all the skill of an able debater. Many interesting cases are stated and rights defended.

"The Teacher's Duty to the Pupil," by Cardinal Gibbons, should be read by all who have the welfare of the little ones at heart. Quoting St. John Chrysostom, "What is more noble than to form the minds of youth?" his Eminence carries one over the whole expansive domain of art and literature, showing the need of the abolition of corporal punishment, which even in the early days of Plutarch was not tolerated in Greece.

The Mexican Minister to the United States, M. Romero, writes on "Criminal Jurisprudence, Roman and Anglo-Saxon," with a strong appeal in favor of the adoption of a system which shall combine in one the best features of both.

"Why Women Should Have the Ballot," by the late General John Gibbon, U.S.A., will be read with all the attention bestowed on the words of one no longer among us. The scenes are pathetic in the extreme.

"Sound Money the Safeguard of Labor," by the Hon. Rowland B. Mahany, is a statement cleverly showing the evils which free coinage of silver would entail on the winners of their daily bread in America.

interest by our citizens at home, and especially on the continent of Europe. We should like to see the ideas adopted.

## THE "FORUM" FOR JULY.

"JEFFERSON AND HIS Party To-day," by the Hon. William E. Russell, is a beautiful panegyric on the great statesman who wrote the Declaration of Independence. The honorable writer is a Democrat of the Democrats. He says: "There is inspiration in the leadership of Jefferson and Cleveland. It nerves us to stand fast to principle, to put aside expediency and compromise, and with courage and fidelity to meet all pending issues."

All ye Republicans listen and take heed of the following conclusion of the honorable gentleman: "Let our good Democratic ship avoid the passing flaws which would drift her hither and thither, content to wait the powerful and steady gale which will carry the nation upon her true course."

"The Presidential Outlook as Europeans View It," by M. Leroy Beaulieu, editor of *L'Economiste Francais*, is a study that well repays perusal.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us,"

says Burns. And as Europe sees us through the Parisian eyes of M. L'Editeur Leroy-Beaulieu we are a great people. But we must maintain a gold standard. Major McKinley as President would spell disaster, in the eyes of Europe. So says M. Leroy-Beaulieu. Nous Verrons.



## LIFE ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE EMPIRE CITY.

HOUSE-CLEANING is an annual grievance even to the rich. House-painting brings so many odors, not of all Arabia, but of turpentine, spirits of wine, and others equally trying, that olfactory nerves accustomed to attar of roses, eau de cologne and Florida water could never be expected to endure them. This was the reason one of the leaders of the Four Hundred decided to leave the family abode on Fifth Avenue and take up residence in the Hotel Netherlands during the discomforting days of house-cleaning and painting.

To dine off gold plate on gala days and sterling silver on more modest occasions could be continued at the Netherlands as well as at home. There was one drawback. Dogs were not admitted, and to trust the cherished poodle 'Frisco, whose pedigree was unimpeachable, among the rag-tag and bobtail of curdum in a boarding kennel was not to be thought of. So 'Frisco was left to the care of the house-keeper and her adjutant, a still room maid.

Soon an army of painters entered and took possession. Among them was one forlorn individual who seemed like the palm tree—a stranger there. His modest request for a drop of boiled water at breakfast hour, and the production of some dry tea, led to his being invited to partake of the maternal meal in the servants' hall. Here, with a snowy cloth over a table groaning with good things, the hungry workman seated himself—Hebe, the maid, having judiciously effaced herself for the nonce.

Talk about the feast of Sardanapalus, or Lucullus dining with Lucullus, of the Olympic gods feasting on ambrosia and nectar, and all other real and mythical banquets, but this 'ere breakfast, as the painter afterward declared, was the best one he had ever had. It was so truly American. Flowers, fruits, ice water, and all the other concomitants of refinement.

The return of Hebe ended his meditations, and instead of a day dream there came into his mind a mighty resolution. We know that for love to be completely true, it death at sight should deal; so, in a word, the disciple of St. Luke had gone down with a rush—before Hebe and—the breakfast.

He began by reminiscences, told her he 'ad bin a 'ouse-painter in Lunnun in a general sort of way. Then he came on to be more personal, and at length confided he 'ad no one to do nothink for him, even to the lending of 'arf a crown.

Hebe, being a Western woman, her knowledge of British coins was limited, but she guessed his meaning. She lent an attentive ear, and a very pretty picture she made in her white cap and apron and neat print gown. Ever since the days when the first of our progenitors went down to the sea in ships there has been a great attraction about those who have traveled.

Oliver Goldsmith charmed the peasantry of Switzerland and the Netherlands with many a tale which repaid the nightly bed. The Tales of the Arabian Nights and the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, have they not for young and old alike a perennial charm? And, like another Desdemona listening to Othello, Hebe devoured up his discourse. He waxed eloquent, explained the reason of his coming hither—which "cum about," so he told her, through a bet he made one night at The Goat in Boots (near the corner of Beaufort Street)—that well-known hostelry and beer saloon on the Fulham Road in the southwestern district of Babylon.

Here for a moment he was cut short by the other workmen, who had now returned and were on their way upstairs, whistling the latest edition of "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back."

John Bull, in the person of the painter, was deeply impressed with the notion of Yankee progressiveness; he was determined not to lose a chance, or prove in any way backward in coming forward, so then and there he made her an offer of what he called his 'and and 'eart.

However, it was rather more than the charming Hebe either required or desired; so "she larfed" at him, as he said afterward.

He didn't turn up at lunch, but went out with the rest of the men, who stood him a treat of beer and bacon.

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BEFORE TAKING.

ROSE VAN ARNOLD—"So you think you can support me properly after we are married?"  
CARTER FENWYCK—"Oh, yes, that is not troubling me at all. It's the question of my being able to stand the expense of the engagement that worries me rather."

### "THE PAIN OF LOVE."

To live in hell, and heaven to behold;  
To welcome life, and die a living death;  
To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold;  
To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath—  
If this be love, if love in these be founded,  
My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

Now, that evening, as the two women stitched in the dim religious light of the gloaming, the question of the foreign painter came on the "tapis," and it was decided, since he was a "conversible" man and a stranger, to be kind to him.

At the very same moment, by a wave of thought, as scientists call it, the "conversible" man was looking out of a skylight which commanded a view of the East River. For he had gone to his humble room to smoke the pipe of peace, and to meditate. His thoughts naturally went back to the jovial evenings at The Goat in Boots, and he began to repent his temerity in having crossed the world of waters without a friend or fellow to greet him on landing. Then he thought of Hebe; now if only she would have him all might yet be well. Then he glanced round, and put on his hat and wandered up and down from the nearest ferry to Avenue A, and thus he continued like a sentry until far into the night. For his knowledge of the Empire City was limited, not having been a denizen for quite a fortnight since landing. He longed to walk past the house on Fifth Avenue, but it was already midnight, and his idea of the distance as well as knowledge of the locality was too meager to venture.

Next day he was at work with the painters, who, with the esprit du corps and general benevolence of workmen for each other, called for the stranger on their way to work. Some of them lived in the same house, which, we may remark, was a boarding-house, for single gentlemen only, at twenty-five cents a night. Payment in advance was a sine qua non, as the gentlemen one and all arrived without luggage or any other impedimenta, save and except their linen, which, like that of the Hon. Mr. Dowd, was all tied up in their pocket-handkerchief, and had no need of "his father's Lord Duberly's chariot."

Each successive day of the following five the painter was entertained in the servants' hall, for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and always finished up after the third course by the offer of his 'and and 'eart. He was a man of extensive reading, and the tale of Miss Flora McFlimsey was not unknown to him, and her forty or fifty rejections, and the sequel.

But all in vain, for Hebe, like the Duchess of Buccleuch, had known adversity, and the remembrance of her early days out West was ineffaceable. She weighed the pros and cons of the situation, and John Bull was found wanting. On one side was the painter, and what she called the balance of his hand and heart, for he was no longer in the first flush of his radiant youth. And she—well,

"My love, she was no foolish girl,  
Her age it was twosome."

The painter meant an exodus from all the splendors of Fifth Avenue, a life of comparative ease and luxury, for the unknown regions of the East Side, with a return to London ever looming in the distance. The painting finished, exit the painter from abroad. All the others were citizens and had standard work.

How the Englishman haunted the house on a Sunday can never be fully told; 'twas known only to himself. But he usually took up his position on a bench in Central Park, on the opposite side, where, provided with a series of sandwiches, he dined, and slaked his thirst at a neighboring fountain.

Human nature can only stand a certain amount of snubbing, and a wild desire for revenge took the place of love and admiration. "Sweet is revenge." Some three months later the 'ouse-painter, in all the glory of new clothes, walked defiantly down Fifth Avenue, but this time he was not alone. A buxom damsel, or, rather, matron, leaned on his arm; they had been married a few hours before. And to make his triumph the more complete, Hebe was standing in the doorway with only 'Frisco for her companion. She sighed, and thought of what might have been.

### A NEW PSYCHIC WONDER.

France seems destined at the present time to furnish a round of psychic wonders well calculated to baffle ordinary inquiry. The mystery of Mdle. Couedon and her alleged communings with the Angel Gabriel has for the moment given way to a new sensation created by the apparent gift of prophecy and the presumed supernatural knowledge alleged to have been exhibited by a nine-year-old boy living at Larque, in out-of-the-way corner in the south of France. This child, named Paulin Delpont, is described as utterly illiterate, speaking only the local dialect. When, however, he is possessed by the spirit of prophecy he speaks not only perfect and elegant French, but other tongues, including Latin. He claims to have had visions of St. Joseph and St. Paulus, and the following is given as a proof of his supernatural means of acquiring knowledge of things ordinarily hidden from mortal ken. There was a tradition that the now silent tower of St. Amant's Church had at one time been furnished with a chime of bells which disappeared in some mysterious manner. Young Delpont told some parties interested in the subject that the bells had been buried at a spot which he described, and that in the digging two skeletons would first be found and below the skeletons were the bells. Diggers were set to work, and they found the two skeletons, as told by Delpont, some feet below the surface. A dispatch received later states that the bells have been unearthed at a deeper level, and the effect on the superstitious throngs at the spot may be imagined. The number who daily seek the child prodigy is already more than three hundred, and this later evidence of the supernatural will have the effect of increasing the crowds of the credulous into thousands.

### PUBLIC CONVEYANCE QUESTION IN EUROPEAN MILITARY CIRCLES.

It has long been a mooted question in military circles in certain of the European capitals whether military men would not lower their dignity and prestige by riding in conveyances used by the general public. This idea is not a new one. It is on record that some years ago a similar feeling existed in relation to omnibuses in Vienna, which the Emperor Francis Joseph took a very practical method of effectually settling. Hearing that his officers in Vienna were agitated over the question of the propriety of riding in omnibuses, he one day donned his full uniform, took with him an adjutant, also in full uniform, and had an omnibus ride. The ride was reported in the newspapers, and the question of propriety was settled. The Czar Nicholas II. holds some equally practical views and has had considerable difficulty in conforming to the prevailing stiff-necked military etiquette to his liberal ideas. Ever since he ascended the throne he has been trying to discredit the notion that an army officer may not ride with propriety in a common street car.

The army officer in St. Petersburg has long been supposed to be too rich and powerful and too far superior to civilians to associate with the ordinary street car crowd. An opportunity was recently afforded of giving his officers an object

lesson. The story is current that one of the untitled officers in the Russian capital ventured a few weeks ago to ride in a street car to his barracks. It was a presumptuous and courageous act, for he had to alight before the crack cavalrymen's casino. It proved to be a very indiscreet act, too, for his fellow-officers at once took him to task for disgracing his uniform, refused to listen to his citations of the Czar's remarks on the subject, and eventually, after days of persecution, began urging on him the propriety of his resigning his commission. In his distress the persecuted officer turned to a friend in the Ministry of War, who brought the whole affair to the Czar's notice. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Nicholas heard the story. He at once put on a dark suit, ordered his adjutant to do the same, and together they went to the spot where the persecuted officer had taken a car. They boarded a car, rode on it to the barracks, alighted, boarded a returning car and went back to the palace. The Czar wrote out a brief account of this little trip and added to it the inquiry: "Am I still worthy to wear the uniform of a Russian officer?" He signed the document "Nicholas," and sent it to the colonel of the persecuted officer's regiment. Since then there has been peace in the officers' quarters of that regiment, and the man who rode on a horse car has been treated with the deference belonging to one who pulls wires at Court.

### A SCRAP OF BALTIMORE REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

In these days of reawakened patriotism among the Daughters of the American Revolution it is refreshing to be able to recall, as was done on a recent occasion by J. Thomas Scharf, the historian, the part played by the ladies of Baltimore in the days of Washington and Lafayette as leading up to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. General Lafayette had been ordered South to re-enforce General Greene with twelve hundred men, all destitute of almost the commonest necessities. The credit of Congress was then at a low ebb, and when the troops reached Baltimore Lafayette decided on appealing to the patriotic inhabitants for aid. The appeal was generously responded to. The merchants contributed ten thousand dollars in gold to purchase hats, shoes, blankets and other supplies; and to furnish the almost naked and perishing soldiers with such articles as they stood most in need of, voluntary associations of ladies were organized throughout the State and collected by voluntary subscriptions large sums of money, clothing and provisions. In many instances silver plate and jewelry were freely contributed to be sold for the cause. A ball was given at the same time in honor of Lafayette at the Assembly Rooms under the patronage of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the town. During the evening Lafayette, having referred to the wants of his soldiers, was assured of prompt relief, and the next morning the ball-room was turned into a clothing manufactory. Fathers and husbands and sons furnished the materials; daughters, mothers and wives plied the needle at their grateful task.

This assistance rendered to Lafayette restored tranquility and discipline to his command. Every cart and wagon that could be procured being put into requisition, the troops that had been encamped about six miles from the town on the 19th of April took up their line of march for Yorktown. Nearly fifty years afterward, during his visit to America in 1824, Lafayette was entertained in Baltimore at a magnificent ball given in his honor at the Holiday Street Theater, and, after being introduced to a number of surviving soldiers of the Revolution, he observed to one of the gentlemen near him: "I have not seen in this very friendly and patriotic company Mr. David Poe, who resided in Baltimore when I was here, and out of his own very limited means supplied me with five hundred dollars, to aid in clothing my troops, and whose wife, with her own hands, cut out five hundred pairs of pantaloons and superintended the making of them for the use of my men."

He was informed that Major Poe was dead, but his widow called to see Lafayette the next day. It may be interesting to note that the Major Poe referred to was the grandfather of the poet, Edgar Allan Poe.

"Why does she wear that disfiguring veil?"

"Disfiguring? My dear boy, you should see her without it!"

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"ALL A MATTER OF TASTE," a story of an African king who liked to eat ants.  
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"A REVERIE," a poem, illustrated.  
"A BABY'S CRADLE," all about the nests of different birds.  
"OLD CUSTOM," St. Valentine's Day. One of a series of old time customs, illustrated.  
"FINISHING TOUCHES," a poem, illustrated.  
"THE STORY OF NELSON."  
"PUZZLES FOR WISE HEADS."  
"POPULAR PLACES OF RESORT," illustrated.  
"LEFT IN CHARGE," a poem, illustrated.  
"THE CAPE RATER," an exciting adventure with this beast in Africa, illustrated.  
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